

A New S O N G.

Being a S E C O N D P A R T to the same
Tune of *Lillibullero*, &c.

A Treaty's on foot, look about *English* Boys,
Stop a Bad Peace as soon as you can ;
A Peace, which our *Hanover's* Title destroys,
And shakes the high Throne of Our Glorious Queen *ANNE*.
Over, over, Hanover, over,
Haste and assist our Queen and our State ;
Hast over, Hanover, fast as you can over ;
Put in your Claim, before 'tis too late.

A Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends,
The *States*, to uphold the Protestant Line ;
If a Bad Peace is made, that Bargain then ends,
And spoils Her good Majesty's gallant Design.
Over, over, &c.

A Creature there is, that goes by more Names
Than ever an honest Man could, shou'd or wou'd ;
And I wish we don't find him an arrant King *James*,
Whene'er he peeps out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

The *Dauphin* of *France* to a Monastery went
To visit the Mother of him aforesaid ;
He wish'd her much Joy, and he left her Content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may guess,
So welcome must be to her and her Lad :
And let any Man say it, if we can do less
Than be very sorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

Whoe'er is in Place, I care not a fig ;
Nor will I decide 'twixt High-Church and Low :
'Tis now no Dispute between *Tory* and *Whig*,
But whether a Popish Successor, or No.
Over, over, &c.

Our Honest Allies this Peace does explain,
Of which our *French* Foes so loudly do boast ;
But I hope, if they reckon on *India* and *Spain*,
They reckon without consulting their Host.
Over, over, &c.

Or else we must bid farewell to our Trade,
Whatever fine Tales some People have told ;
For whene'er a Peace of that Nature is made,
We shall send out no Wool, nor bring home no Gold.
Over, over, &c.

Then wage on the War, Boys, with all your Might,
Our Taxes are great, but our Danger's not small ;
We'd better be half Undone, than be quite ;
As half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all.
Over, over, &c.

F I N I S.